Missing Pictures on Milk Cartons by BooItsMi

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Brainwashing, Drama & Romance, Horror, Hurt/Comfort, Kidnapping, Kinda, M/M, bamf joyce ofc, everyone's ready to throw hands and put an end to the strange happenings in hawkins, hope you all enjoy!, i call this 'will byers cant catch a damn break' :), momma steve !!, obviously based off of p!atd's la devotee, protective mike wheeler !, satanic cult stuff oops, whoops, wills a bit powerless to do so uhhhh whoops??, yeah this is gonna be a messed up fic oops
Language: English
Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers
Relationships: Eleven/Max/Lucas Sinclair, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Eleven, Will Byers & Eleven & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler, just everyone supports everyone, there will be drama tho
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2017-11-21
Updated: 2017-11-21
Packaged: 2022-04-03 04:55:25
Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 956
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

One would think that after everything Will Byers and Co. have been through, the universe would finally be gracious enough as to give them a break in their everyday lives.

But as children here and there start to go missing in Hawkins, Indiana during the Fall of 85', Mike, Will, and the rest come to the conclusion that they won't ever get to lead normal lives and do normal things-

Especially not after Will is abducted, again, and everyone is forced to come together. Again.

But hey. At least it's not the Upside Down this time... right?

Missing Pictures on Milk Cartons

Author's Note:

> hey everyone! welcome to my new story!
> so, obviously, this is pretty much based off of the 'LA Devotee' video Noah was in. me, being fucked up, really wanted to create a fic around it. so here i am!!
>
> there isn't going to be anything super super bad? psychological torture and brainwashing of course. some violence. but nothing super duper bad, in my eyes, of course. :')
>
> feel free to click off obviously if it's not your thing!
>
> i had to look up parts of a belt too so be thankful and enjoy, u fools

October 31st, 1985

When Will came to, the first thing he noticed was the faint metallic taste in his mouth.

He made a face, lightly dragging his tongue around his teeth and mouth to investigate. Will winced upon discovering his split lip and immediately grew nervous. Where it came from, he had no idea.

He shook his head in an attempt to collect himself a bit more, flinching as he was rewarded with a sudden stab of sharp pain.

Damn, this too?

Will whimpered, moving slowly as to not give himself any more headache, until he was finally sitting up to his full height, his back slightly resting against the back of the chair he was sitting in.

He squinted, his surroundings fuzzy and unfamiliar as he desperately tried to take in the details.

"W...what is this...?" The youngest Byers member ended up mumbling after the room around him became a bit more clear and he spotted the old-fashioned camera sitting in front of him. Draped behind it was a large and tattered white screen.

Another sharp pain throbbed suddenly in his head and Will instinctively went to nurse it this time, but quickly found that his hands were strapped down tightly to the armrests of the old, wooden chair.

He felt the color drain from his face as more and more of the situation began to really sink in.

"I-I don't-" Will shook his head, his hair flying around him as he desperately tried to break away from his bindings; to no avail, of course. "I don't *r-remember h-how-* "

He cut himself off and looked around in a panicked frenzy, a bit more fear gnawing at him as he took in the animal parts and cow heads the decorated the dimly lit room he was bound in. His clothes had even been taken, leaving him in an unfamiliar white gown.

Will's eyes widened at that.

The pain in his head and the split lip seemed to be the least of his worries now.

After another minute of struggling, Will finally forced himself to calm down, telling himself that it was pointless and that he'd be better off sitting quietly and thinking of possible escape routes rather than flipping out and attracting the attention of-

His kidnappers? Someone horrible?

Will frowned to himself as it suddenly occurred to him; *who was it that he was to be afraid of in this instance...?*

It scared him, really; how much he couldn't remember before winding up in this position.

He swallowed thickly, squirming in his seat; Will decided that, despite his failing memory, he didn't want to stick around to find out, thanks to common sense screaming at him that *this situation couldn't be anything else but bad, bad,* ***BAD*** *!*

Will was desperate by this point, seeing as how flailing and kicking did nothing but cause his wrists to ache and his heels to hurt from slamming back against the chair's legs. He wasn't one to ever go down without a fight, and he sure as hell wasn't about to put that reputation at risk.

He leaned over, ignoring the continued throbbing in his head and aching in his back. He bit down on the leather strap holding down his left wrist, *tugging tugging tugging* until-

Zzzip!

It slowly but easily slid out from the loop holding it in place.

Will grinned around the leather, his heart leaping as hope began fill it.

Okay.

Okay…!

He was getting somewhere.

Taking a deep breath through his nose, the resourceful boy lifted his head, letting go of that part before straining to bite the leather that sat in the middle of the buckle. This part was a bit trickier, he decided, seeing as how he had to shake his head like a rabid dog to loosen it (the headache made it ten times worse).

In the end, however, he found himself successful, and with a little more biting, shaking, and pulling, Will's left hand was now free to aid him in his escape.

A sigh of relief left the boy's lungs and without wasting any time,

hurried to free his other hand.

Only seconds later, Will slid off of the chair, wobbling a bit as a dizzy spell washed over him. He held his head, squeezing his eyes shut as the pain continued to *pound* against his skull. He couldn't get out of there fast enough.

He stumbled over to the wall, slumping against it and feeling his way around, searching for anything that could aid him in his escape. As he searched, he momentarily wondered about the place keeping him captive, but, to be honest? Will cared less about answers than he did fleeing with his life.

His hand slammed against a door handle, snatching him from his thoughts and causing him to let out a small cry of pain.

Gripping his aching hand with his other, Will took a few awkward steps back, squinting up at his find.

A door. It was a *door!*

He licked his lips, trying not to crush the hope in his chest too much. Surely it couldn't be this easy?!

Will bit and toyed with his lip for a moment, hesitant because *what if it's a trap?!* before finally thinking *screw it!* and reaching for the handle.

His hand rested on it-

and froze in place as a huge shadow quickly cast over him, chilling him down to the bones.

His common sense suddenly on holiday, Will Byers turned around, coming face to face with a huge man hidden by the hood of a red robe.

That was the last thing he saw before a hand seized his upper arm and a needle pricked his neck, causing his world to go **dark**.

Author's Note:

short but 'sweet', as some prologues are :)

future chapters will be longer. thank you for reading <3